

A CANDID and IMPARTIAL
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
B E H A V I O U R
O F
Simon Lord Lovat,

F R O M

The Time his Death-Warrant was deliver'd,
to the Day of his Execution.

Together with

A faithful Narrative of the particular Incidents which happen'd that Day in the *Tower*, in the *Sheriff's Apartment*, and on the *Scaffold*.

Interspers'd with

Some of his Lordship's remarkable Sayings, a Letter which he wrote to his Son, and the Copy of a Paper which he delivered to the Sheriff.

By a Gentleman who attended his Lordship in his last Moments.

*The Evil that Men do, lives after them,
The Good, is oft interred with their Bones.*

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N

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*This Pamphlet is enter'd in the Hall
Book of the Company of STATIO-
NERS, and who ever prints any
Part of it, will be prosecuted as the
Law directs.*





A CANDID and IMPARTIAL
 ACCOUNT
 OF THE
 BEHAVIOUR
 OF
Simon Lord Lovat.

IHO' I was an Eye-witness of the extraordinary Behaviour of this Nobleman during his Trial, I little thought to find that uncommon Gaiety and Jocoseness accompany him in his last Moments. I was indeed too well acquainted with his Lordship to imagine he would shudder much at the Sight

Sight of *Death*; but yet I expected that it would abate somewhat of his natural Vivacity, and reduce him to a more serious Turn of Mind; however, neither the Apprehension of Pain and Agony, or the Thoughts of his speedy Dissolution, seem'd to give him any Uneasiness.

This I don't offer by way of Panegyrick on his Lordship's Intrepidity, nor do I presume to censure a Conduct so seemingly indifferent; I only take notice of his particular Turn of Mind to apologize for my inserting some very extraordinary Facts, which would otherwise hardly meet with Credit from the Reader.

F R I D A Y.

On *Friday* the third of *April*, when the Warrant came down for his Execution, and the Gentleman told him he was sorry to be the Messenger of such bad News, his Lordship replied very chearfully, *God's Will be done*, and then taking him by the Hand, drank his Health, thanked him kindly for the Favour (as he call'd it) and assured him he was so well satisfied with his Doom, that he would not change Stations with any Prince in *Europe*. His Lordship then sat down with the Gentleman, drank Part of a * Bottle of Wine with Water, and seem'd very composed.

In

* As his Lordship has been often branded with the Name of a Drunkard in the publick Papers, I must do so much Justice to his Memory, as to assure the Publick, that he never drank more than two Pints of Wine a Day during his whole



In the Evening he smoaked his Pipe; mention'd some Circumstances relating to his Trial, and was very chearful. About Ten o'Clock he called for the Warders to undress him, and while they were taking off his Shoes, told them; he should not give them that Trouble much longer, for that he should take his Leave of this World the next Thursday.

S A T U R D A Y.

The next Morning which was *Saturday*, his Lordship was informed of the Report that was raised of an Engine to be erected to take off his Head, at which he grew pleasant, and said, *It was a fine Contrivance; for as his Neck was very short the Executioner would be puzzled to find it out with his Axe; and if such a Machine was made, they might call it LORD LOVAT'S MAIDEN.*

He was very chearful all this Day, talk'd a good deal of his own Affairs, and among other Things said, *That he was concerned in all the Schemes that had been formed for restoring the Royal Family, since he was fifteen Years old; but that he never betray'd a private Man, or a publick Cause in his*

whole Confinement, and never any without Water; and I have often heard his Lordship say, he was never drunk in his Life. 'Tis true, a considerable Quantity of Brandy and Rum was used every Night and Morning to bathe his Legs, which might probably give Birth to this Report; for he never drank a Dram himself, unless he was indisposed, and then he generally took a little burnt Brandy with Bitters.

his Life: That he never shed a Drop of Blood with his own Hand, nor ever struck a Man, except one young Nobleman, whom he can'd publickly for his Impertinence and Impiety.

S U N D A Y.

On the next Morning, which was *Sunday*, he rose pretty early, and behaved with his usual Gaiety; talk'd for some time about his Family, and shew'd us the Copy of a Letter he had sent to his Son, which I shall here insert, because it contains his Lordships Sentiments of Religion, and a future State; and the Person who wrote it for him assures me, 'tis an exact Copy of the Original.

A Copy of Lord LOVAT's Letter to his Son, SIMON, now Prisoner in Edinburgh Castle.

My dear SIMON,

“ **N**otwithstanding my great Distress and
 “ Affliction, you are always present with
 “ me, and I offer my Prayers to Heaven for
 “ you.— You see now by Experience, that this
 “ World is but Vanity of Vanities, and that
 “ there is no Trust to be put in the Arm of
 “ Flesh; you see that God's Providence rules
 “ the World, and that no Man or Family but
 “ must yield to it, whether he will or not. Hap-
 “ py

" py is the Man, that in all the cross Accidents of
 " this Life, submits himself to the Will and Pro-
 " vidence of God, with sincere Humility and
 " Patience. It is the blessed Trinity, Father,
 " Son and Holy Spirit that can deliver you and
 " me from our present melancholy Situation:
 " We have provoked God by our Sins, which
 " most certainly have brought those Troubles
 " upon us: I do sincerely thank God for those
 " Troubles, because they have brought me from
 " the Way of Sin that I lived many Years in, to
 " a Way of Repentance and Humiliation, and
 " instructed me to follow my dear Saviour the
 " Lord Jesus Christ as I ought to do; I there-
 " fore, my dear Child, earnestly beg of you, with
 " the sincere Heart of a tender and affectionate
 " Father, to repent of all your Sins and Trans-
 " gressions, and to throw yourself at the Foot of
 " the Cross of Christ, begging for his Sufferings
 " Sake, which you know were great, to give
 " you true Repentance, to forgive your Sins, and
 " be reconciled to you for the Sake of his Blood,
 " that he shed upon the Cross for Sinners, and
 " beg of him to preserve you from the Snares of
 " of the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, which
 " will be too many for you without his divine
 " Assistance; and if you have a true Contrition
 " for your Sins, and are reconciled with Zeal
 " and Affection to your Saviour, you'll find Com-
 " forts that cannot be expressed. If you put your
 " sole Confidence in *Jesus Christ*, he will certain-
 " ly bring you out of all your Troubles, and
 " make you the happiest *Lord Lovat* that ever was;
 " so, my very dear Child, I beg of you for God's
 " Sake, for your own Sake, for my Sake, and

“ for the Sake of your Brothers and Sisters, to
 “ throw yourself upon God’s Mercies, which
 “ have been ever of old ; repent of your Sins,
 “ and live a sincere Christian, and righteous Life,
 “ and you will certainly bring God’s Blessing
 “ upon yourself, your Family, and Kindred ; and
 “ if you neglect this my paternal Advice, which
 “ by the Laws of God and Nature I am obliged
 “ to give you, you may assure yourself of being
 “ miserable in this World, and eternally miser-
 “ able in the next : I know not yet what my
 “ Fate may be, but bless God, I am prepared to
 “ go to the Scaffold and Block To-morrow, if
 “ God in his divine Will and Providence hath or-
 “ dered it so ; so, my dear Child, don’t be in the
 “ least concerned for me, for I bless God I have
 “ strong Reasons to hope, that when it is God’s
 “ Will to call me out of this World, it will be
 “ by his Mercy, and the Suffering of my Savi-
 “ our Jesus Christ, to enjoy everlasting Happi-
 “ ness in the other World. I wish this may be
 “ yours, and am,

My dear Child,

Your affectionate Father, &c.

MONDAY.

M O N D A Y.

His Lordship arose about seven, and according to his usual Custom, called for a Glass of Wine and Water: Upon which the *Warder* ask'd his Lordship, what Wine he would please to have. *Not white Wine*, says he, *unless you would have me go with the Skitter to the Block*. For it seems white Wine generally gave him the Flux. Some Time after this, the *Major* came to see him, and asked how he did. *Do*, says his Lordship, *why, I am about doing very well, for I am preparing myself, Sir, for a Place, where hardly any Majors, and very few Lieutenant Generals go*.

A certain Nobleman came to see his Lordship this Day, and asked him some Questions concerning his Religion. To whom he answered, *That he was a Roman Catholick, and would die in that Faith. That he adhered to the Rock upon which Christ built his Church; to Saint Peter, and the Succession of Pastors from him down to the present Time; and that he rejected and renounced all Sects and Communities that were rejected by the Church*. The Report of his being a *Janfenist* was occasioned by the same Nobleman's asking him of what particular Sort of Catholicks? Are you a Jesuit? *A Jesuit, No, No, my Lord*, answered he in Ridicule, *I am a * Janfenist*. And then owned that he was acquainted with several

* The Janfenists are great Enemies to the Jesuits.

in France, that were reputed *Jansenists*, but not more intimate with them, than other learned and religious Men in that Kingdom. Nay, he farther said, that he had several Disputes with them about their Doctrine concerning *Grace*, which to him seemed to destroy Liberty and free Will; and one of them in particular owned to him, that they could never yet get over that Text, *Mat. xxiii. 37. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! quæ occidis Prophetas, & lapidos eos, qui ad te missi sunt. Quoties volui congregare Filios tuos quemadmodum Gallina congregat pullos suos sub alas; ET NOLUISTI? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings, AND YE WOULD NOT?* Which made it manifest to him, as he said, that with whatsoever Graces God Almighty moves and prevents Man, it is still in his own Will to resist them.

Having Occasion this Afternoon to speak of the late King George I. he gave his Majesty a great Character, and added, *He was my Friend, and I dearly loved him.*

TUESDAY.

T U E S D A Y.

This Morning he rose as usual about seven, and after drinking a Glass of Wine and Water; desired one of the *Warders* to lay a Pillow at the Feet of the Bed, that he might try, whether he cou'd kneel down properly, and fix his Head low enough for the Block, which being done, he made the Essay, and told the *Warder*, *He believed by this short Practice, he should be able to act his Part in the Tragedy well enough.* He then asked the said *Warder*, if he thought the Executioner would be able to take off his Head without hacking him; for, says he, *I have reserved ten Guineas in a Purse, which he shall have if he does his Business well.*

My Lord, said a Gentleman that came to wait upon him, I'm sorry you should have Occasion for him at all. To this his Lordship replied, So I believe are many of those who were the Cause of my coming hither, and for aught I know, all of them will bye and bye. The taking off my Head, I believe will do them no Service, but if it will, *God bless them with it*; though I can't but think myself hardly dealt by: In the first Place, I was stripped of every Thing, and might have wanted even the common Necessaries of Life, had not my Cousin, *Mr. William Frazer* advanced a considerable Sum of Money to General *Williamson*, and promis'd, on certain Conditions, to pay for my farther Subsistence; and then to be convicted by my own Servants, by the Men that had been nurtured

tured in my own Bosom, and I had been so kind to, is shocking to human Nature; but I believe each of 'em has a Sting of Conscience on this Account, that will bear him Company to the Grave; though I'm very far from wishing either of them any Evil. 'Tis a sad Thing, Sir, for a Man's own Servants to take off the Head of their Master and Chief. His Lordship then ask'd the Gentleman, how he liked the Letter he had sent to his Son? He answered, I like it very well, 'tis a very good Letter. *I think*, says his Lordship, *'tis a Christian Letter.*

After this the Gentleman inform'd his Lordship, that one Mr. Painter of St. John's College, Oxon, had sent three Letters, viz. one to the King, one to the Earl of Chesterfield, and the other to Mr. Pelham, desiring he might suffer in his Lordship's stead. And that that to his Majesty concluded in the following Manner, *In one Word, let Lovat live! punish the vile Traitor with his Life, but let me die; let me bow down my Head to the Block, and receive, without Fear, that friendly Blow, which, I verily believe, will only separate the Soul from its Body and Miseries together.* To which his Lordship expressed his Surprise: *This*, says he, *is an extraordinary Man indeed!* I should be glad to know what Countryman he is, and whether the Thing is Fact. Perhaps it may be only a *Fineness* in Politicks, to cast an Odium on some particular Place or Person: But if there be such a Person, he is a Miracle in the present Age, and will be in the Future, for he even exceeds that Text of Scripture, which says, *Greater Love than this hath no Man, than that a Man lay down his Life for his Friend.* However, this Man offers to suffer

fer for a Stranger, nay for one that he stigmatizes with the Name of a *vile Traitor*. In short, Sir, I'm afraid the poor Gentleman is *weary of living in this wicked World*, and, if that be the Case, *the Obligation is alter'd*, because *a Part of the Benefit is intended for himself*.

W E D N E S D A Y.

This Morning, about Two o'Clock, his Lordship pray'd very devoutly for a considerable Time, and called upon the Lord for Mercy, which he often did before, with great Fervency. After this he fell asleep, and we heard no more of him till Six, about which Time he called for the Warder to dress him, and seem'd as gay as usual. About Ten o'Clock he sang Part of a Song, at which the Warder express'd his Surprise, and ask'd his Lordship how he could be so merry when he was to die Tomorrow. To which my Lord replied, that *he was as fit for an Entertainment as ever he was in his Life*. He then sent for Mr. P—, the Barber, whose Father, they tell me is a *Muggleonian*; while his Lordship was shaving, he talk'd a good deal about his Father's Principles; and when he was shaved, *Well*, says he, *pray give my Service to your Father, and tell him I shall go to Heaven before him; for I find he don't expect to go till the Day of Resurrection, but I hope to be there in a few Hours*.

After

After this he talked to a Gentleman who came to see him about some private Affairs, and then calling for a Bason of Water to wash himself, *Now, Gentlemen, I will shew you a Wonder, says he, you shall see a Man drown himself who was sentenced to be beheaded, and by that Means change the Law; and, Sir, I heartily wish it was in my Power to change all Things; if it was, I'd make a thorough Change indeed.*

About this Time another of his Lordship's Friends came to wait upon him, with whom he had some Talk concerning the Bill depending in Parliament with Relation to the *Scots Affairs*. His Lordship seem'd very uneasy about it, and wish'd all those Gentlemen who voted for it had the * *Skitter*.

He then told them he would have his Body carried to *Scotland*, to be interred in his own Tomb in the Church of *Kirkhill*; and said, that he had once made a Codicil to his Will, where all the Pipers from *Johnie Groat's House* to *Edinburgh* were invited to play before his Corpse, for which they were to have a handsome Allowance; and tho' that might not be thought proper now, yet he was sure some of the good old Women in his Country would sing a † *CORONACH* before him: *And then, says he, there will be old crying and clapping of Hands, for I am one of the greatest Chiefs in the Highlands.*

About

* A Flux or Looseness.

† A Ceremony used at Funerals, much like the *Irish Howl*.

About this Time Sir *H. M.* and Sir *L. G.* came to take their Leaves of my Lord, he saluted them on their first coming in, but soon after told them, *If he had his broad Sword by him, he should not scruple to chop off their Heads, if he thought they were in the least concerned in bringing in, or voting for the Bill now depending for destroying the antient Jurisdiction and Privileges of the Highland Chiefs.* And then added, *For my Part, I die a Martyr for my Country.*

After eating a hearty Dinner, he called one of the Warders to him: *Now Willy, says he, give me a Pipe of Tobacco, and that will be the last I shall ever smoak, unless People smoak Tobacco in the other World.*

Soon after this, the Governor of the Tower came to pay him a Visit, when his Lordship arose, and offered him his easy Chair; which the Governor refusing, and saying he was sorry his Lordship should give himself the Trouble to rise out of his Seat on his Account. He answer'd, *What, Sir, I hope you would not have me be unmannerly the last Day of my Life.*

Upon the Governor's coming in, his Lordship deferred smoaking his Pipe some Time longer, and talked about indifferent Matters. Mr. *William Fraser*, his Lordship's Agent, and Mr. *James Fraser*, came to wait on him at the same Time, with whom he talked a good while concerning his Family Affairs, and the Management of his Funeral.

After this he called again for his Pipe, and, while he was smoaking, ask'd one of the Warders, if his Message was carried to my Lord *Traguir*, and what Answer he brought. His Lord-

ship, replied the Warder, bids you an eternal Farewell, wishes you happy, and is offering up his Prayers for you. *'Tis very kind of him (says my Lord) and I thank him for it. Come, Mr. Southbey, says he to the Warder, give me some Water, and put a little Wine upon it. And then taking up his Tobacco-stopper, My Pipe is almost out (says he) as well as my Glas. He then ask'd about General Williamson's Family, spoke very kindly of the General; and being informed, that Miss Williamson was so affected, that she could not take her Leave of his Lordship; God bless the dear Child, says he, and make her eternally happy, for she is a kind hearted good Lass. After this, his Lordship sent a Message to the Cook, desiring her to roast a Piece of Veal, that it might be ready to mince for his Breakfast in the Morning. He then desired the Warders to sit down and smoak with him, which they did, and drink a Glas of Wine, and wished his Lordship a good Journey. Amen, quoth my Lord; and then knocking the Ashes out of his Pipe, Now Gentlemen, says he, the End of all human Grandeur is like this Snuff of Tobacco. His Lordship seemed to have a great Regard for his two Warders, After his Pipe was out, he thanked them kindly for taking so much Care of him; And now, Gentlemen, says he, I have but one Favour more to ask of you: And that is to go upon the Scaffold with me, and not leave me till you see this Head cut off this Body. They both promised his Lordship; and afterwards one of them told him, that if ever he liv'd to see his Son the Master of Lovat, he would let him know with what Tenderness his Lordship parted*

parted with him. *Do*, says my Lord, *and he will take Notice of you. If he don't he won't do well. But pray*, says he, *have you got any Wine for me in the Morning, and some Bitters, if I shou'd want to carry any to the Scaffold.* Upon Enquiry, there was no Bitters left in the Bottle, and therefore his Lordship gave the Warder a Shilling to send for a Bottle of *Stoughton's Elixir*. When the Man was gone, the Warder recollected that there was some burnt Brandy and Bitters left in a Bottle, which his Lordship had with him to *Westminster Hall*, when on his Trial, and inform'd him of it. 'Tis very well, very well, Sir, says he, *Pray take it in your Pocket, and give me a Sup if I should want it.* After this a Circumstance happen'd which surpriz'd me prodigiously. His Lordship, who was eighty Years of Age, took up a Book with a small Print, (I think it was the Size that the *Printers call Long Primer*) and read by Candle-light near two Hours without Spectacles. Upon Enquiry I was inform'd, that his Lordship never used any. I knew he did not in the Day-time, but I thought he could not be able to see without their Assistance by Candle-light. This I suppose might be owing to his Lordship's Manner of Living, as also was that Circumstance of his never having the Head-Ach. I have observ'd already that his Lordship was never drunk in his Life; and he has often declared that he thought eating of Suppers was doing Violence to Nature, and committing a Sin against the Body. He seldom took any Breakfast; always made a very hearty Dinner, but never eat a Morfel for Supper. As his Lordship had a great Share of

Learning, and spoke the *Latin, French and English* fluently, and some other modern Languages indifferently, we ask'd his Lordship concerning his Education. He said, he studied some Years at *Aberdeen*, and disputed his Philosophy in *Greek*. From this Topick he went to Religion again, and assur'd us, that he was bred a Protestant, but going abroad, and having some Disputes with Father * * * * *, he found himself very much stagger'd in his Principles, and pray'd to God to direct him in the right Way.

That, after this, he studied *Divinity* and *Controversy* three Years, and then turned *Roman Catholick*. *This is my Faith*, says he, *but I have Charity for all Mankind, and I believe every sincere honest Man bids fair for Heaven, let his Persuasion be what it will*, for the Mercies of the Almighty are great, and his Ways past finding out.

After this he pull'd out a silver *Crucifix*, and either kiss'd it, or rubb'd his Mouth with it, I don't know which. Then handing it about, Here's a *Crucifix*, says he, did you ever see a better? observe how strong the Expression is, and how finely the Passions are delineated. We keep Pictures of our best Friends, of our Fathers, Mothers, &c. and pray why should not we keep a Picture of him who has done more than all the World for us?

His Lordship then ask'd some Question about Mr. *Secretary Murray*, which I can't recollect, for indeed I did not very well understand it, and then said, *We had a better Secretary when the As-*

sociation *was sign'd*. After this he mention'd Mr. *Sollicitor Murray*, and said, he was a great Man, and he believed would meet with some Promotion if he was not too far North.

About nine o'Clock he desir'd the Warders to undress him, and his Breeches, Shoes, and Stockings being pull'd off, he stood before the Fire to warm him as usual. The Warder ask'd his Lordship, if he would please to go to Bed? *Not yet*, says he, *I will warm my Feet a little more first*. I think we have a very bad Fire, says the Warder. *That's not my Fault*, quoth his Lordship, joking; *you may e'en make a better as you like it*. Which he did, and then standing up by his Lordship, told him, He was sorry that the Morrow was to be such a bad Day with him. *Bad! for what*, says my Lord, *do you think I'm afraid of an Axe?* 'Tis a Debt we all owe, and what we must all pay, and don't you think it better to go off in this Manner, than to linger with a Consumption, Gout, Dropsy, Fever, &c. though I must needs own, my Constitution is so good, that I cou'd have lived twenty Years longer, I believe, if I had not been call'd hither. Here my Lord offered to put off his Coat and Waistcoat, and as it was his Custom to pull them off by the Bed-side, the Warder reminded him of it. *Good now*, says my Lord, *I had forgot that I was so far from the Bed; but perhaps you might have forgot too, had your Head been to be cut off To-morrow*.

T H U R S D A Y.

On this fatal Day his Lordship awak'd about Three o'Clock in the Morning, and pray'd most devoutly. At five he got up, call'd for a Glas of Wine and Water, according to his usual Custom, and seem'd still as chearful as ever; then, being placed in his Chair, sat and read 'till Seven, when he call'd for another Glas of Wine and Water. About Eight o'Clock he desir'd Mr. *Skerrington*, one of the Warders, to send his Wig, that the Barber might have Time to comb it out in a genteel Manner. He then called for a Purse to put his Money in for the Executioner, and desir'd it might be a good one, *lest the Gentleman should refuse it.* Mr. *Southbey*, one of his Lordship's Warders, I remember brought him two Purses, the one a green Silk knit, and the other a yellow Canvass, but which his Lordship made choice of I really forget; *However, it was a Purse, as he observ'd, that no Man would dislike with ten Guineas in it.*

As his Lordship was now within a few Hours of Death, and had behaved with such surprizing Intrepidity during his whole Confinement, I was the more particular in observing every little Incident that happened. But though he had a great Share of Memory and Understanding, and an awful Idea of Religion and a future State, I could never observe, in his Gesture or Speech, the least Shadow of Fear, or indeed any Symptoms of Uneasiness. His Behaviour was all of a Piece, and he was the same facetious Companion

nion now, as he was before Sentence was pass'd against him. About half an Hour after Eight the Barber brought his Lordship's Wig, which not being powder'd so much as usual, on Account of its being a rainy Day, he seem'd angry, and said, *That he went to the Block with Pleasure, and if he had a Suit of Velvet embroider'd he would wear it on that Occasion.* After this, he spoke to the Barber again about his Principles, and told him his Notions were extremely singular; *for the Soul, said he, is a spiritual Substance, and can no more be dissolved for a Time, or buried with the Body, than it can be annihilated entirely;* and at the same Time smil'd. *My Lord, said the Barber, You'll see that. Yes,* answered his Lordship, *I hope to be in Heaven by One o'Clock, or I should not be so merry now.* His Lordship then saluted the Barber, and bid him farewell, and the Barber returned the Compliment, and wish'd my Lord a good Passage, for these were his Words.

Half an Hour after Nine his Lordship called for a Plate of minc'd Veal, eat very heartily, and desired the other Gentlemen that were with him to drink some Coffee or Chocolate, or both, which were brought for them; he then call'd for some Wine and Water, and drank the Healths of several of his Friends.

At Ten a terrible Accident happened upon the Hill, by the Fall of a Scaffold which put all the People in great Confusion, several Persons were killed, and Numbers maimed and bruis'd. At Eleven the Sheriffs of London sent a Message to demand his Body, which being communicated to

to his Lordship, he desired the Curtains might be drawn, and that the Gentlemen would retire for a few Minutes while he said a Prayer, which Request was immediately complied with ; but in a little Time he call'd for them again, saying, *I'm ready.*

When his Lordship had come down the first Pair of Stairs, General *Williamson* invited him into his Room to rest himself. On his first Entrance he paid his Respects to the Ladies with great Politeness, then to the Gentlemen, and talked very freely. Ask'd the General in the *French Language*, *Whether he might have the Honour to see his Lady, to return her his last Thanks for the Favours and Civilities he had received.* To which the General answered in the same Tongue, *My Spouse is so greatly affected with your Lordship's Misfortunes, that she cannot bear the Shock of seeing you at this Time, and begs to be excused.* He then made his Addresses to all the Company, and set out ; but going down Stairs, he complained of them, (the Stairs) and said, they were very troublesome to him. When he came to the Door, he bowed to the People, and was then put into the Governor's Coach, and carried to the outer Gate, where he was taken out of the Governor's Coach, and delivered to the Sheriffs of the City of *London* and County of *Middlesex*, who conducted him in another Coach to a House near the Scaffold, which had been lined with black Cloth and hung with Sconces for his Lordship's Reception ; Here he was taken into their immediate Custody, and all his Friends and Relations deny'd

ny'd Entrance; upon which his Lordship instantly applied to the Sheriffs for the Time being, and desir'd that his Friends and Relations who accompanied him from the Tower might be permitted to see him. Mr. *Alsop*, who is a Gentleman of a friendly humane Disposition, came to the Bottom of the Steps himself, and desired his Lordships Friends to walk up. After we entred, my Lord thanked the Sheriffs for this Favour, and said, *It was a considerable Consolation to him, That his Body fell into the Hands of Gentlemen of so much Honour; and added, I will give you, Gentlemen, and the Government, no farther Trouble, for I shall make no Speech; tho' I have a Paper to leave, with which you may do as you think proper.* Here my Lord put his Hand in his Pocket, and delivered a Paper to one of the Sheriffs, and then told them they might give the Word of Command when they pleased, and added, that he was accustomed to obey Command, *for he had been an Officer in the Army many Years.* After this a Gentleman present began to read a Prayer to his Lordship while he was sitting; but my Lord called one of the Warders who attended him to help him up, that he might kneel. He then said a Prayer by himself, which no body could hear, and turning about, was again set down in his Chair, and seem'd very chearful. Mr. *Sheriff* then ask'd his Lordship, *If he would refresh himself with a Glass of Wine.* My Lord thanked him, but said, *he could not drink any without warm Water with it; and that not being to be had in that Place, his Lordship took a little burnt Brandy and Bitters, which, as I ob-*

serv'd before, he had ordered one of the Warders to take in his Pocket ; and, turning to Mr. Sheriff, told him, *he was ready to go whenever he pleas'd.* My Lord, replied the Sheriff, *I would not burry your Lordship ;* and taking out his Watch, said, *There is half an Hour good, if your Lordship don't tarry too long upon the Scaffold.* My Lord then desired that his Clothes might be deliver'd to his Friends with his Corps, and not given to the Executioner, and said, *for that Reason he should give him (the Executioner) ten Guineas.*

He then asked if he might have the *Axe* brought him to feel if it was sharp, and desir'd that his Head, when taken off, might be received in a Cloth, and put into the Coffin. At this Mr. Sheriff stepped aside, and observed to some Gentlemen present, *That he had received a Warrant in the usual Form for the Execution of his Lordship, and as it had not been customary of late Years to expose the Head at the four Corners of the Scaffold, he really thought he might indulge his Lordship with a Promise as to that Point, for he did not think he could expose the Head (though it was desired, and indeed ordered by a Message) without being liable to Censure ;* adding, withal, *That he was truly sensible of the Duty he owed his MAJESTY, and should always pay a great Regard to the Orders he received from his Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE or any of the Ministry.* And then turning to his Lordship, told him, *That what he had desir'd should be punctually observed.* My Lord thanked Mr. Sheriff very kindly, and then saluted his Friends, and

and told them, *He hop'd his Blood would be the last spilt on that Occasion.*

When his Lordship came into the Passage leading to the Scaffold, he called to a Gentleman, and ask'd his Name, who replied, it was *North*. *Well,* says he, *let it be North and Grey.* And added, with a Smile, *Come, my Lord North and Grey, conduct me to the Block.* When his Lordship was going up the Steps to the Scaffold he look'd round, and seeing so many People, *God save us,* says he, *why should there be such a Bustle about taking off an old grey Head, that can't get up three Steps without two Men to support it?*

Here turning about, and observing one of his Friends very much dejected, his Lordship clapped him upon the Shoulder, and said, *Cheer up thy Heart, Man, I am not afraid, why should you?*

The first Thing he sought when he came upon the Scaffold was the Executioner, who was immediately presented to him, and after he had made his Obeisance, my Lord put his Hand into his Pocket, and pulled out a Purse with Ten Guineas, saying, *Here, Sir, is Ten Guineas for you, pray do your Work well; for if you should cut and hack my Shoulders, and I should be able to rise again, I shall be very angry with you.* After this, he desired the Executioner to shew him the Axe, which he refused to, do without Leave from the Sheriff; but upon Application, this Request was immediately granted; and when it was brought to him, he took hold of it, and feeling upon

the Edge, said *he believed it would do*. Then he rose from the Chair which was placed upon the Scaffold for him, and look'd at his Coffin, on which was wrote, SIMON DOMINUS FRASER DE LOVAT, DECOLLAT. APRIL. 9. 1747. ÆTAT. SUÆ 80.

He then sat down again, and repeated the following Line out of *Horace*.

Dulce & decorum est pro Patria mori.

In English,

'Tis a glorious and pleasant Thing to die for our Country.

And after that a Line out of *Ovid*.

*Nam Genus & proavos & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. —*

In English.

For those Things which were done either by our Fathers or Ancestors, and in which we ourselves had no Share, I can scarcely call our own.

He then desired all the People to withdraw from him, except his two Warders, who supported his Lordship, while he said a Prayer. After this he called for Mr. *William Fraser*, his Lordship's Solicitor and Agent in *Scotland*, and holding up his Gold-headed Cane, said, *I deliver you this Cane in Token of my Sense of your faithful Services,*
and

and of my committing to you all the Power I have upon Earth. And then again embraced him. His Lordship now call'd for Mr. *James Fraser*, and embracing him also, said, *My dear James, I am going to Heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil World.* And taking his Leave of both, he deliver'd his Hat to Mr. *William Fraser*, and desir'd him to take care that the Executioner did not touch any of his Cloaths. He then took off his Wig, order'd his Cap to be put on, and putting off his Cloaths, deliver'd them with his Wig to Mr. *Fraser*, and having unloos'd his Cravat and the Neck of his Shirt, he kneel'd down to the Block, took hold of the Cloth which was plac'd to receive his Head, and pull'd it close to him. But being plac'd too near the Block, the Executioner desir'd his Lordship would remove a little farther back, which he did, and having placed his Neck in a proper Manner, he told the Executioner he would say a short Prayer, and then drop his Handkerchief as a Signal. In this Posture he remain'd about half a Minute, and then threw his Handkerchief upon the Floor, when the Executioner at one Blow sever'd his Head from the Body, which being received in a Scarlet Cloth, was wrapp'd up, and together with his Body put into the Coffin, and carried in a Hearse back to the Tower, where it remain'd till Four o'Clock, and was then taken away by an Undertaker, in order to be sent to *Scotland*, to be deposited in the Burying-place of his Family.



A
COPY of the PAPER

Delivered to the

S H E R I F F S

B Y

Lord *LOVAT*.

AS it may be reasonably expected I should say something of myself in this Place, I declare that I die a true, but unworthy Member of the Holy Catholick, Apostolick Church.

As to my Death, I cannot but look upon it as glorious,

* * * * *



I fin-

(13)

I sincerely pardon all my Enemies, Persecutors and Slanderers, from the highest to the lowest, whom God forgive, as I heartily do, and die in perfect Charity with all Mankind.

I sincerely repent of all my Sins, and firmly hope to obtain Pardon and Forgiveness for them, through the Merits and Passion of my blessed Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, into whose Hands I recommend my Soul. *Amen.*

*In the Tower,
April 9. 1747.*

LOVAT.

F I N I S.





